

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•
R. X. 7.

VOL. XXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

No. II.

In the Dark.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

DUT on the great green, foam-capped waves
A vessel lies tempest tossed;
And out of the deep the souls of slaves
Rise up from their slimy, silent graves,—
The graves of the tempest lost.

And while their cries ring out on the blast
And the storm god rages free,
A saving ship in the dark has past,
Almost in sight of sprit and mast,
The mast that sinks in the sea.

Out where the storm of life ne'er dies
Man's soul is rent and torn;
And out of the past his dead sins rise
And pass before his frightened eyes,—
The sins of a man forlorn.

And when his soul is in despair
And from God he turns away,
A soul may pass that came to share
The sorrow that is too heavy to bear,
The sorrow that lasts for aye.

Letters.

EUGENE A. DELANEY, '99.

DARK days and dull hours come with discouraging regularity; if not regularity, certainty. There come times when the sight of overcast skies seems to deny the existence of brightness behind the clouds. The mind grows heavy and weary, overburdened with the thoughts that, too often, must be borne by it alone. We may be able to cast aside the oppression on our mind, we may struggle and free ourselves from the persistent load, but the relief is not lasting. We are soon back to the old ways,

face to face with the same torments. The first sting of old wounds may have ceased long ago, but the scars ever remain to bring the pain anew. Every act, every thought, has an influence on the days to come. If we bore all our troubles alone, perhaps the misery would be unendurable, but this we must not suffer. When trials crowd too thickly into our lives, and when we are disturbed from our wonted peace of mind, we may yet find a consolation in taking to pen, and letting our woes glide freely away with the ink at a pen's point.

But gloom comes to us all, and we must not forget that for every little woe that falls to ourselves there come other shadows to cross the paths of those we love, and the troubled spirit of a dull letter soon sets our thoughts among these sombre shadows. We may easily avoid the telling of our customary little mishaps, and yet have much to tell. Our greater woes must be told. If only we can find some happiness in the dull life that surrounds us; if only we can take a bit of the sunshine that is about us, be it ever so little, and weave it into our letter, we make glad the tale that letter tells. The bright and cheering page that relates our triumphs and shows forth our plans is the one most dearly cherished.

Lay bare great minds of their dazzling dress, and we may approach them nearer. The deeds of great men stand out strongly as evidence of their life-work. Their success or their failure has been to the glory or to the pain of their fellow-man. These works are only the just payments of common debts to humanity. Heroes have come with unfailing certainty, and they will come as time goes. A long line of monuments will be needed to mark the progress of the earth's peoples. But after a man's public work is done, after he has given return for the trust reposed in him, we turn from the rigid view of his exterior self and

look toward the inner and true man. Letters are the clear, crystal encasements of a man's character, the exposition of his true self. The letters of Ruskin and Carlyle may be taken as examples of the wholesome, less pretentious thoughts from intellects that, in the glitter and splendor of their public array, had power to move multitudes of minds. Ruskin's letters tell that he, too, was liable to the aches and pains of ordinary mortals. Carlyle, in a letter, directs his mother to a certain wash-stand drawer where his brother may find "a little piece of new stuff for rubbing on his razor strop." Again he encloses to his mother a coin; "a little half sovereign, you must accept," he says, "merely to buy gooseberries; they are really very wholesome." No great, heavy thoughts these, yet they must have found a direct way home.

Byron's letters bespeak the troubled life of their author, a life that seems to have been callous to the responsibilities that fell upon it. We do not find the spirit of Byron in many of his poems—not the spirit that pervaded his letters, the spirit that made him what he was. The poet's letters bring out of obscurity the summits from which his poems took their flight.

The lives and love of Abelard and Heloise make a strange page in French history. Abelard's eloquence brought thousands of students to the University of Paris. His great powers moved the thought and actions of a nation; but today the perspective of time shows the learned Frenchman only in confusion with other men of equal talents. The letters, though, that show the love of the fierce, strong man and the passionate woman, will ever stand in evidence of the keen, if evil, minds that produced them. The careers of Abelard and Heloise, and their shame, may be buried with their day, but their impassioned letters have a life that lasts. They have the life that will carry them over ages, as long as heart will find response to heart's passions. From the confines of the cloister, Heloise calls eagerly: "I beseech you, visit me with some lines of consolation; it will ease my mind. I shall engage more cheerfully in sacred duties. The very assurance of sympathy," she writes, "diminishes sorrow." Yes, the glitter of man's nature is shown to the world in his every-day life, but the constant flame of the fire in his heart is a different light from this.

How welcome and how delightful is the letter that shows forth the author in every

mood that is familiar to us. The words of our friend are there; he, too, is there in all but person. To read the first sentence is to smile again at the old-time greeting. Here we are face to face with the dear forms, though many months and wide distance intervene. A friendly hand seems to come forth from the spirit of the letter and grope for another ready hand that goes forward unconsciously. Years cannot dull the merry ring of the honest laugh that starts from every line, and the same buoyant, sympathetic nature comes back with each bright sentence. A strange land may claim us and hold us among worthy surroundings, but still we yearn for the letter from among the old hills. We wait for the word that brings with it the familiar forms that suddenly loom up out of the mists. A sudden shoot of the dull flame in the dying embers shows quickly the lasting warmth that lives within; a cheerful page to one afar off brings back the joys of other days, memories that cheer, hopes that bear one up.

A Hero and His Under-Study.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK, '99.

The sun swinging slowly into the west gilded again the golden dome with its dying light and bathed the yellowing leaves in a fairy splendor. Through the bare branches of the maples that line the post office walk, Science Hall with its stern front loomed up cold and hard. To the south, the silent smoke rose over the city, and no noise broke the afternoon stillness except the desultory tapping of the carpenters' hammers on the roof of the new gymnasium. A few professors on the porch of the Main Building talked of—I know not what; but the topic of conversation on the steps of Sorin Hall was what it always is during this season,—football.

"If Grover plays that half tomorrow," said a tall young man in a golf suit, "we are safe."

"And if he doesn't play that half," said another, speaking slowly, as if pronouncing an irrevocable judgment, "we are lost."

"Exactly," agreed the rest.

Stripped of all *obiter dicta*, the proposition in the debate was plain. Left half-back Grover, the fastest back on the Varsity, through an unfortunate fall in morning practice, was found to possess a wrenched ankle. So serious was the sprain that the physicians told the coaches

that on the morrow Grover would not be allowed to play. This announcement, coming on the eve of the Thanksgiving game, threw confusion into the Varsity's camp, and the committee on ways and means in front of Sorin Hall was but one of a score then in session at different rallying-places on the campus. The key-note of all these councils was despair. The loss of the half-back meant, in all probability, the loss of the game.

Those never-say-die spirits, without whom nothing would be possible, swallowed their disappointment, and looked about for a substitute. Their suggestions met with flat discouragement.

"Substitute?" ironically asked one of the critics, "we haven't a substitute for Grover, and you know it. Ridley is too slow, Wisner too light, and in Benjamin's vocabulary there is no such word as nerve."

This sweeping statement of the reserves' shortcomings fell like lead on the heart of an unseen auditor. From his window in the second flat Edward Wallace Benjamin, Varsity substitute, had listened with straining nerves to the conversation below him. First he had wondered why no one had thought of him; yet when his unknown censor brutally proclaimed him a coward, his lips quivered in astonishment. He had not expected that. Then followed one terrible moment of self-searching in which he probed his past, and he knew the merciless indictment was true. His former pride was ground to the dust, and helplessly he turned for aid to one that had implicit faith in him. In a wandering, incoherent letter he poured out his soul to a girl—a girl who believed him all that is good and brave and true. With a shaking hand, he crushed the idol she had set up, and showed her (if she could see at all) what a weak craven she had glorified. What a fool he was! What fools most of us are!

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and cold. The visiting team came out early from South Bend—a big, strong-looking lot whose morning signal-practice far eclipsed the Varsity's. Even the faithful lost their nonchalance when they saw Captain Richardson of the visitors punt, and asked themselves whether the skill of Notre Dame's kickers was as great as that of the big full-back. The doubt and gloomy forebodings increased every hour, and soon the contagion ran to the Varsity.

In the training-quarters, as the men were dressing for the game, there was a hum of dis-

trustful expectancy. Some of the players were openly despondent; most of them hid their feelings behind tightened lips. Benjamin, who as a forlorn hope, had been substituted for Grover, was nervously buckling on his shin-guards and trying to keep a stout heart, when the door opened and Grover himself limped into the quiet room. The reception he met swept every doubt aside. With him in the game all was success. The shout of fealty that went up from regulars and reserves rocked the old room till the echoes rang. The sullen faces of the veterans lighted up with perfect joy as they grasped his hand and told him how sore was the need of him. In a moment he stood before them, erect and confident, clad in all his armor, the hero of many a hard-fought field, Grover the magnificent.

Then the Varsity jumped the ropes into the green enclosure to see the side-lines burst into a frenzy of welcome. The tossing masses of Gold and Blue waved high, the bellowing megaphone chorus roared its greeting, and the flutter of small gloved hands on the bleachers was lost in the tumult. That distracted multitude, now a riot of noise and color, was glad Grover was to be in the game.

And Benjamin, trembling with excitement, was glad, too,—glad that the doctor had consented at the last minute to let the favorite play; glad that *he* was not compelled to face the onslaughts of that fierce foe; glad, in short, although he would not admit it, that he was a coward. If the cheers were not for him, neither were the bruises. His cowardice had been thrown in his teeth and he had cringed before it. If no one trusted him, he would be fit for no trust.

The referee's whistle cut through the keen air like a knife. For an instant the crowd held its breath, then broke loose louder than before, when Grover receiving the kick-off raced thirty yards before he was downed. From that moment the rejuvenated Varsity played like fiends. The wounded half-back's grit and recklessness rushed over his fellows, and football such as the field never saw before, it saw that afternoon. The visitors hung like leeches to Notre Dame's interference; the gains were small but constant. From goal-line to goal-line the battle raged, the ball now here, now there, the line-up fast, the offense implacable, the defense adamant.

With three minutes to play the scrimmage was on the visitors' ten-yard line. Sharp and clear came the Varsity signals and the ball

shot into Grover's waiting arms. Low the half-back bent his head, then plunged into the massive wall of weight before him. The tackle weakened under the charge and hurling himself through, Grover with all his remaining strength rushed at the crouching full back. The giants met. For half a second the result was in doubt. Then the famous Richardson rolled to one side, and Grover lay behind the line, white and still, but hugging the ball in his arms.

Kicking goal was a formality; and the last the plucky back heard as, stunned and exhausted, he was carried off the field on the shoulders of the excited crowd, was the loud blast of the megaphones counting one, two, three, four, five, six—Notre Dame.

They laid Grover on the mattresses in the training quarters, and between the halves his comrades gathered round him to offer their sympathy. He begged to be allowed to go in for the second half, and when they told him that was absolutely impossible, he asked for his substitute. Shamefacedly Benjamin slipped to his bedside.

"I've been watching you pretty closely, youngster," said the half-back, "you have been looking at me for ten minutes as if you wanted to say something. What is it?"

The suddenness of the question threw the boy off his guard.

"I have been watching you," he burst out. "I never took my eyes off you during the whole half. You have taught me a lesson I won't forget, and I do want to tell you something. I want to tell you that you're the gamest man I ever saw. I want to tell you that I'm a miserable coward. I was glad when I didn't have to take your place, but it's different now. If they put me in, I'll play that half the way you want it played or be carried in here to lie with you."

The substitute stopped short, surprised at the length of his speech. Grover called the captain, and when his battle-scarred leader bent over him, the half-back whispered:

"Put Benjamin in, old boy. I know what all of you think of him, but give him one more chance. I think he'll do."

The captain promised, and turning to Benjamin, Grover said:

"Now you have your chance. Go out and play for all that's in you." And of the rest he begged: "Shut 'em out, boys, for my sake."

And the men shook his hand and went back to the fray.

They tell the story of that last half to this day. They will tell it as long as Notre Dame's sons are what Notre Dame wants them to be. The new men hear it as they lie out under the apple trees in early autumn, watching the September moonlight flood the historic old field in a mellow softness. The spirit of it enters into these men and becomes part of them, and what many of them become they owe to the legend of that glorious battle fought between those gaunt goal-posts in the long ago.

As the men came out after the intermission that memorable afternoon every eye in the vast crowd scanned the faces of the Varsity to see the man that had replaced Grover. When Benjamin pulled off his sweater and jammed his head-harness into position, an involuntary shudder ran along the side-lines. The substitute saw it and flushed. Yet these people, he thought, are not at fault. They judged him by his past. They did not know what he knew, that Grover himself had placed the great trust on him.

Ah! the boy had need of all his fortitude, of all his strength, of all his courage; for that last half was a furnace of trial for many a gallant fellow with more experience than he.

The visitors started with the ball in their possession, and from the kick-off, twenty-two men played as if their very lives depended upon the outcome. Captain Richardson's team was stronger than at first, and the Varsity linemen found all they could do in clinging together.

Biting their lips, and stubbornly contesting every inch of the way, they held the plunging backs of the opposition again and again. Time after time, in sheer desperation they threw themselves at the heavy-shod feet of the interference, till flesh and blood could stand no more. The visitors crashing for the twentieth time into the guards, at last found an opening. Battered and buffeted, but still grimly resolute, the Varsity was pushed back, back, until the ball was only thirty yards from Notre Dame's line. There, after a terrific defense, the ball went to the home team on downs. The yell of relief and joy that rose from the crowd put new life into the shattered eleven.

Chokingly the captain gave the signal, and the ball was passed to where Benjamin, reeling with pain and exhaustion, staggered to keep his footing. The pass went high, some one fumbled, and in a flash Richardson had seized

the ball and was off like a shot for Notre Dame's goal. The field was clear, and swift and strong the rival captain sped on his errand of victory. All was lost—the Varsity's work had gone for naught.

Suddenly out from the rest, hard and low, rushed a solitary figure in stern pursuit. The distance between the two rapidly grew less. Five, ten, twenty-yard lines flew beneath the fast-flying feet in quick succession. The line lay but a few feet farther. The touchdown seemed inevitable, for the man behind weakened, and was about to fall, then recovered and dashed ahead with added speed. The white face of Grover, with the pleading eyes, rose before him, and in a last grand effort, Benjamin dove headlong through the air, striking Richardson squarely at the knees and falling with him to the earth—only a yard separating the two from the touchdown.

The game was over, and in uproar and triumph they bore the Coward to where the Hero was waiting to hear the news.

In his room that night Edward Wallace Benjamin, Varsity substitute, carefully balanced a letter between his fingers—a letter he had written and forgotten to mail—and thoughtfully and painstakingly tore it, envelope and all, to small pieces. Then he stood at his window and looked silently into the star-studded night. The glare of the huge bonfire shone full upon him, and from the surging crowd below there rolled a cheer in which the names of Grover and Benjamin were linked together.

A Wife's Suspicion.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

"I am very glad you thought to call on us while in the city," said Mr. Wilson as Fred Townsend rose to leave.

"And *do* remember me to Clarissa Maxwell," added Mrs. Wilson. "You know she and I were classmates. By the way, would you take her one of my photographs that I have so long promised her?"

"Certainly," replied Townsend.

The young woman hurried out into the drawing-room, and seating herself at her husband's writing-desk, wrote in a bold hand across the bottom of the picture the words "Lovingly—Jane." Then turning it over she wrote a few words on the back. She returned presently and gave the photograph to Towns-

end who put it in his overcoat pocket, bade good-bye, and was soon on board the train for his home in Kalamazoo.

His newly wed wife was awaiting his arrival, and after he had sipped a cup of coffee, they retired to the drawing-room and talked over their domestic affairs until midnight. Next morning Townsend went to the office as usual, but when he returned at noon he was somewhat impatient, and he declared that on account of some further mismanagement of the branch office at Lawton he would be obliged to make another trip to that city on the following morning. He talked little during the meal, and his young wife noticed that something vexed his mind. After dinner he kissed her a hurried good bye and left.

That evening as Mrs. Townsend was passing through the hall, she noticed that her husband had not worn his heavy overcoat, and thinking it an opportune time to sew on the loose buttons, she lifted it from the rack and went into the drawing-room. Moving the lamp nearer the edge of the table, she threaded her needle and began to sew. And as she sewed she thought of the troubled look on Fred's face at dinner time, and she wondered what it meant. Once she ceased sewing altogether and gazed vacantly into the glowing grate.

"Nonsense," she exclaimed, rousing herself suddenly as if to dispel some disquieting thought, "how foolish of me!" And she caught up the coat again and began to sew.

Just then something fell out of the pocket on to the floor. She picked it up and her eyes fell upon the picture of the beautiful Mrs. Wilson. She gazed at it long and searchingly, and her hand trembled slightly as she gazed. "Lovingly—Jane," she repeated to herself several times; then she turned the picture over and read:

"Dearest:—Why do you never come to Lawton to see me? I have not seen your dear face in *so* long. But now that you are married, I presume you have no time for anyone else. I have so much to tell you. Do try to run up tomorrow, dear. I send the photograph that I have so long promised. As ever,—JANE."

The picture fell from her fingers to the floor. A big tear dampened her long lashes, as for a moment she gazed at it lying at her feet. Then she burst into a flood of tears, and buried her face in her hands, sobbing as though her heart would break. Finally, as if seized by a sudden impulse, she rose from the table and went to the hall-tree, hurriedly threw on her wraps and

started for the front door. Then reflecting a moment she returned to the drawing-room and wrote on a scrap of paper:

"I have gone to stay with my mother until these 'mismanagements' at Lawton are explained.—LILLIAN."

When Townsend returned next morning he found the house cold and deserted. The shades were still drawn and the fire in the grate was out. He searched every room, and called loudly several times. Then very much puzzled he returned to the drawing-room and stood for a moment in reflection. Presently his eyes fell upon the photograph and the note upon the table. Then he realized all.

A few moments later Townsend was at "Mother's,"—that ever ready refuge for the abused young wife—and, as usual, explanation followed and domestic tranquillity was restored.

Concerning Prefaces.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

Prefaces are as varied in their nature as books are varied in their titles. With the humble preface of the unpretentious is contrasted the self-confident introduction of the less modest literary aspirant. We very, very often find a note headed "Special Preface to the Fifteenth Edition," or that trick many authors have of laying the responsibility upon some few *persisting* friends. At any rate, the tendency is toward extremes. The ideal preface—and occasionally one is to be found—hits the salient point in the conception of a work; it hints at the moral, if any, and above all, when it confesses to errors and discrepancies, it does so with a conviction that such errors and discrepancies are really to be found. However varied in style and composition prefaces may be, they are all very valuable. The modern tendency to slight this important part of a literary production is not only a positive injustice to the author of the work, but it is a considerable loss many times to the reader.

Holmes, in his preface to "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," makes the following clever statements: "Paradise Regained and the second part of Faust are examples which are enough to warn every one, who has made a single fair hit with his arrow, of the danger of missing when he looses his fellow of the selfsame flight. (Holmes here refers to the success of his "Autocrat of the Breakfast

Table"). There is good reason why it should be so. The first juice that runs of itself from the grapes comes from the heart of the fruit and tastes of the pulp only; when the grapes are squeezed in the press the flow betrays the flavor of the skin. If there is any freshness in the original idea of the work, if there is any individuality in the method or style of a new author on a new track, it will have lost much of its first effect when repeated." Holmes was sufficiently candid, though perhaps over modest.

Let us examine a few other authors in this department. Artemus Ward boldly starts out with this heading "At the Door of the Tent," and then continues:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the show is about to commence. You could not well expect to go in without paying, but you may pay without going in."

Whittier and Dickens treat their literary efforts in much the same paternal manner. In his preface to "David Copperfield," Mr. Dickens writes:

"I do not find it easy to get sufficiently far away from the Book, in the first sensations of having finished it, to refer to it with the composure which this formal heading would seem to require. My interest in it is so recent and strong, and my mind is so divided between pleasure and regret—pleasure in the achievement of a long design, regret in the separation of many companions—that I am in danger of wearying the reader, whom I love, with personal confidences and private emotions. . . . It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two-years' imaginative task; or how the author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of creatures of his brain are going from him forever."

For an example of another very common sort of preface let us quote a few sentences from a poet not of national reputation, but on the whole much read:

"It is not the partiality from authorship which prompts me at the end of many years to collect the ensuing poems into a volume. If the avowal may be permitted, there are not fifty lines in the entire collection which I am able to recall with any satisfaction. . . . But I have been so often asked by those who have a right to ask me, and of late strongly urged, to put together the least imperfect of my fugitive pieces, that I have yielded, etc., etc."

Another class, and a delightful departure

from the threadbare method, is Longfellow's happy manner of introducing a book of poems:

"Becalmed upon the sea of Thought
Still unattained the land it sought;
My mind, with loosely hanging sails,
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

"Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!
Shake and uplift the golden glow!
And fill the canvas of the mind
With wafts of thy celestial wind."

What admirer of Keats could speak lightly of those few lines so naturally introducing his "Endymion?" Can not the spirit prompting those lines be easily connected with that unfortunate disease that caused the poet's death while still so young? In his preface he writes:—

"Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public,—what manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished.... The imagination of a boy is healthy, the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceed mawkishness and all the thousand bitters which those men competent to look, must necessarily taste in going over the following pages."

Next we consult a few of Robert Louis Stevenson's prefaces, and by so doing conclude our quotations. The author of the "Master of Ballantræ" finds a half page given in his quaint, epigrammatic manner sufficient to start his story down the avenues of time; he says:—

"Here is a tale which extends over many years, and travels into many countries. By a peculiar fitness of circumstance the writer began, continued it, and concluded among distant and diverse scenes.... The character and fortunes of the fraternal enemies, the hall and shrubbery of Durrisdeer, the problem of Mackellar's homespun and how to shape it for superior flights; these were his company on deck in many star-reflecting harbors, ran often in his mind at sea to the time of slatting canvas, and were dismissed [something of the suddenest] on the approach of squalls."

These are a few examples of prefaces taken from different writers. Some of them seem to indicate a marked degree of egotism in their authors, while others apparently come from the humblest of scribes. A few of them, like the introduction to a grand march, give us the key-note and tenor of all the pages that follow.

Varsity Verse.



TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

THOU treasured relic of a day gone by,
Recall the power of thy slumbering soul;
Awake, and let thy vibrant strings defy
The weight of years that would thy voice control.

Call back again to stir these quiet halls
The gentle forms that like thy tones were stilled;
Let live the mirth that woke these silent walls
Until Death's withering hand its task fulfilled.

E. A. D.

LOVE.

What is love? The youth replied:
"Tis but a fancy passing by.
Perchance, it stops and makes us sad;
But soon we leave it with a sigh."

The old man laughed. "My friend," said he,
"I passed my years in the world's great strife,
And with us men I always find
That love is all—that love is life."

C. E. B.

CAUTIONS.

"Did you weep when the captain left you?"
"Oh no!" she made reply,
"For all good warriors to their men
Say: 'Keep your powder dry.'"

E. C. B.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
When he spied the peel on which he fell,
_____ ! _____ !

B. S. M.

NATURE.

Oh, can it be that nature's dead!
Why moan the winds and sigh?
The trees are smitten, their life has fled,
The leaves have changed to a golden red;
Mingled with russet, and strewn 'round dead,
On the ground they lie.

Gaze on vale and plane and hill,
No flower lifts its head;
The soft note of the bird is still,
Froze are the wavelets on the rill,
Sombre the day, cold and chill.
Alas! nature is dead.

E. L.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving day approaches nigh,
When we should thank the Lord on high
For all the gifts He has bestowed
On our poor souls from His abode
In heaven bright above the sky.

We thank Thee, Lord, and to Thee cry,
And ask of Thee with downcast eye
To lead us on a grateful road
Thanksgiving day.

Ungrateful hearts in all men lie,
But with their lips they testify
That all the thanks to God is owed.
Now let propitious seed be sowed
And our ingratitude let die,
Thanksgiving day.

R. L. F.

The Four Points.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

Small boys sometimes play a game they call "blind man." One is the guide and the others follow in file immediately behind; each rests his hands on the shoulders of the boy he follows, and all keep their eyes shut except the leader. Then the blind men are led round and round, through gateways, across streets, up and down alleys until they imagine they have gone a great distance from the starting-point. When they have travelled far enough and passed through strange and mysterious places, the leader stops and asks them where they are. At this they stand around with their eyes tightly closed, and guess.

As they have all been faithful blind men and have not peeped, different places are named. Some say that they passed a bakery, for they smelled the bread; others, that they passed the pump, and somebody was pumping, or the drug-store because they heard the soda fountain sizzling. Then the leader tells them to open their eyes, and as they do so all stand for a moment bewildered.

"I thought we went the other way," shouts one.

"So did I," cries another.

"O pshaw!" says a third, "I knew he didn't take us very far. But I thought we were facing the other way."

The boys play this, no doubt, for the pleasure of feeling "turned around," as they call it; that is, imagining the points of the compass changed from their places. Another way to become "turned around" is to twist the ropes of a swing up tight, and then sit in it and whirl around while the ropes unwind until you "get drunk." Then the ground appears to whirl around, and sometimes a level place appears slanting. When this happens, you usually fall.

To feel "turned around" is a common thing. Almost anyone will tell you there is a certain place in which he feels "turned around" whenever he goes there. Sometime it is a large house, sometime a certain room in a house. In the hallways and other rooms, the cardinal points might be in their familiar positions, and he could point northward without the least hesitation. As soon, however, as he enters a certain room he loses his bearings. North then appears south, and east appears west. The house stands on the wrong side of the street, and he

is in a state of complete bewilderment. If he leans out of the window and looks about for a while he may find his bearings again for the time being, but when he returns to the room the old state of confusion comes back directly.

When a person travels over a road with many turns and windings, his bearings are easily lost, especially if he knows the general direction the road takes. He keeps that one direction in mind, and no matter how many the twists and angles of the road, he still feels that he is travelling in whatever general direction his journey lies. If the road makes a gradual turn, usually this will not be perceived by the traveller. He may turn full ninety degrees and still be ignorant of his new direction, if it were not for the sun, or some other means to set him aright. When he does learn the cardinal points, it is merely a bit of unsatisfactory knowledge, for he still holds an invariable standard of his own, and feels that direction is out of joint.

A sensation of the same order as this may be gotten when one is riding in a railroad train. Some years ago I rode on a train that passed through a hilly country. At a certain point where the train ran near a river, I looked out the window and was surprised to find I could not see the far bank of the river. I thought surely the hill we were on was not so high as to make one look downward to see the opposite bank. Becoming curious I moved closer to the window to have a better view. Sure enough, the horizon was far down, much below the level at which I was accustomed to see it. The earth apparently slanted downward like the side of a great mountain, and every detail of the landscape appeared to stand out clearly. It had much of the freshness and novelty that one notices in a scene when he looks with his head turned upside-down.

The next time I passed this place the same phenomenon occurred, but on this occasion I discovered the cause of the illusion. At this point there is a sharp curve, and therefore a high elevation of the outer rail. The raising of one side of the coach I had not noticed, and as the floor still appeared to be horizontal, the surface of the earth was apparently thrown out of its familiar level.

"It seems queer to see the sun rise in that direction," remarked a student the other morning.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because when I am home that is south," was the reply.

Fall.

FRANCIS B. CORNELL.

"Fair summer, thy gentle reign is over,
Fare thee well!"

There is in this favored land of ours a season when every wood and prairie is a solitude, yet no place is lonely, when everything is draped in the infinitesimal meshes of a haze that throws a deeper glamour over things than does the light from the half-veiled chariot of the queen of night. To that period of time we have given no set place. It comes and lingers with us for some time and then departs, and again after weeks of blustering weather it comes back again. From its nature it has received the name of Indian Summer.

In thy place, O gentle summer, comes autumn all clad in yellow. Never does nature put on so rich and so varied a vesture as in autumn. At no other time of the year is there in nature a grouping of so diverse tints and mellow colors as in an October wood. Each tree, each shrub, has its distinct color, and every leaf, and every portion of each leaf, has its own peculiar shade.

The hard maple glories in the bright red of its persistent leaves; the poplar's foliage falls without changing much; the grand old oak, that still stands untouched by the rash workman's hands, changes its summer garb for one that is mottled and stained with mellow hues, and the willow that stands by the oak is the last to succumb, and then its leaves wither.

There is no pleasanter time for an outing than the season of autumn. The mild coolness of the wind adds a zest to life. More beautiful now are the dells and forests. The countless shades of color, the sombre tree trunks, the delicate inner leaves with just the suggestion of a tinge, others spotted as if a painter had spattered some of his pigment from above, and on the outside the bright yellow, the crimson, the gorgeous ones—all blend in a perfect picture, a picture that the artist only hopes to imitate. He works well to reproduce these tints harmoniously, while the molecules of matter, that the sun raises from the earth to serve in chemical bondage as a flower or leaf, or holds in physical captivity, as a rain-drop or cloud, obey, of necessity, the laws of the Creator, the laws of beauty. The subtle transition of a rainbow, the glorious sunset and the splendor of variegated foliage are alike.

The greatest pleasure is to go on your familiar walks and then notice the changes that have taken place in nature. Where are the flowers, flowers that had but lately sprung and stood in brighter light and softer air. Alas! they are all gone, that gentle race of flowers. Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath were the violets that perished long ago, and in the midst of the summer glow the brier rose and the orchid passed away. The daffodils that stretched along the bay in never-ending lines and as numerous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the Milky Way, are also gone. The golden-rod on the hill, the aster in the woods and the yellow sunflower by the brook in beauty stood till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, and the brightness of their smiles has gone from brook and dell. The rivulets, that rushed and leaped with joy and waved the fluttering signals from the deep in summer time, are now held fast by the cold hand of winter.

The unconquerable, restless and untired ocean rolls on the whole year round. The south wind comes back to search for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, and when he finds them in the wood and by the stream no more, he sighs and returns to the place where reigns perpetual summer. What wonder that the birds should follow with him? When their sweet songs are drowned out, or made discordant by the harsh jangle of a November wind, why should they waste their melodies on a cold world? When the flowers and blooming meadows and the chatter of the little brook that formed themes for their songs are gone, there is no beauty left to bring forth the notes that are hidden in their breasts.

The frost has painted another picture. The clump of trees that seemed a green bank in summer, is now arrayed in rich profusion of color. Some of the leaves have fallen. They cover the ground and path where you were wont to walk, and the place looks unfamiliar through the haze. All the beauties of the trees foreshow decay. Already a few of the branches are bare and some of the leaves have withered. The fallen foliage huddles around the tender shrubs. It will protect them when the winter comes. The snow will settle around the rootlets and the buds will sleep unconscious of the rigorous blasts that howl through the desolate forest. When winter is past the gentle south wind will come back again, and with its warmth shall bring forth the buds that have slept so long.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 19, 1898.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at A. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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} Reporters.

—The SCHOLASTIC is ready to receive congratulations. At the Indianapolis convention of College Republican clubs, Mr. L. C. Reed was elected Vice-President of the Indiana clubs, and Mr. F. H. Wurzer re-elected Sec. of the national organization.

—At the meeting of the general debating society last Wednesday evening there was plenty of humor and some very good speeches. There were, too, some attempts at speaking that might be greatly improved. This shows the wisdom of organizing the society and the benefit to accrue therefrom. Many of the men that made the best speeches Wednesday, are men that could do very little in this line when they first came to the University. By working in the different societies that are formed here, they have learned to appear in public and speak with creditable ease and fluency. Those that made poor attempts suffered from stage fright and inexperience. With more practice and training there is no reason why they should not prove themselves as good as some of our other speakers.

Moreover, oratory is something that should be developed here. There has been a sad lack of it in past years. Our present assembly will

develop not only ease and confidence in the students to appear before a crowd, but will teach them how to deal with important questions in a fairly thorough manner. We are expecting to meet some of our Western colleges in debate this year, and we can not work too hard in preparing for them. Let every man in the society give earnest endeavors toward making it a success, and, in the end, Notre Dame will have speakers and debators of whom she may be proud.

* * *

—The SCHOLASTIC is glad to see the enthusiasm that the inter-hall football games have aroused. At the Sorin-Brownson contest last Thursday, the spectators were more excited and interested than at any of the Varsity games played on the home grounds this year. We must have contests of this kind to keep up the spirit and good fellowship that is proverbial of college life. Moreover, the good playing exhibited by both teams last Thursday gives proof that there are many students here that have good football material in them, if they will only develop it. Lower tackling and faster playing is the only suggestion we could offer the men. With more of these games, the players would understand football better, and a good team can be had in each hall. From these hall teams, then, a good second eleven can be picked to line up for practice against the Varsity. The majority of the men in last Thursday's game are under their junior year. By playing these hall games and lining up against the Varsity, we would have some good material from which to pick next year's team. Besides strengthening up the Varsity by developing new players, these games afford fine amusement for the student body. Everyone turns out and goes to the side lines as interested as if the championship of the West were depending on the contest.

Of course, it is late to speak of the benefit to accrue to the football team from these games. A suggestion for next spring may be offered. While there is rivalry between the two halls, why not organize baseball teams and have a series played? Now we need a large number of candidates for our Varsity nine, and there are more chances open to new men to earn positions than ever before. The SCHOLASTIC hopes that as soon as the shin-guards and moleskins are laid aside, the members of Sorin and Brownson Halls will look up their gloves and bats, and prepare to defend their colors on the diamond.

The "Public Speaking" Problem.

In a recent meeting of the Faculty here, an action was taken which is of great importance to those interested in the "Public Speaking" problem in colleges. It was there decided that every student who has a collegiate standing, and who is a candidate for any one of the three degrees—Bachelor of Laws, Bachelor of Letters, or Bachelor of Arts—shall be required to take a course in public speaking throughout his entire undergraduate career.

The course originated by this action is held once a week for a session of two hours' length. It is under the direction of Professor Carmody of the department of Elocution and Oratory, and is attended by a large and heterogeneous body of the students. In accordance with the Professor's scheme, the name of each student appears at stated times upon the program, and he is required to express himself upon some subject with some degree of formality. The programs are to be quite varied. Thus far they have included impromptu speeches, prepared minute speeches, declamations and debates, and it is expected that short orations will be introduced later. It is also a part of the Professor's scheme to impart to the students a fair knowledge of parliamentary law. To accomplish this a small portion of the time of each session is devoted to a drill in this subject, and from the interest thus far manifested, it may safely be predicted that the scheme will be entirely successful.

The course thus outlined is not a formal course in elocution and oratory. Although every speech or declamation is criticised by the Professor in charge, no systematic instruction is given here in voice-culture or delivery. Such instruction is given in other courses that are outlined in the Catalogue, and the object of this new scheme is not to supplant these courses, but to supplement them. It is recommended that the students take up the formal courses in conjunction with this informal one, and it is believed that in this way any student of moderate ability will be enabled, before leaving the University, to express his ideas with elegance and ease.

The wisdom of the Faculty in enforcing attention to public speaking can not be denied. It will be apparent to any one that reflects upon the importance of the subject in question or examines its history. The ability in man to interchange his ideas with his fellow-men is the

fundamental basis of human progress. Without this power no man could profit by the experiences of his neighbor. The knowledge of each would be limited to the accumulation of his lifetime, and would pass away with his death like the mists of the morning. There would be no heritage from history. The past would be a void. Life would be but a faint glimmer between the blackness of two eternities, and all progress would be impossible. But by reason of the intercommunication of thought, progress is not only made possible, but is necessitated. The transmission of ideas, sentiments, and emotions from mind to mind and from age to age is the ratchet on the wheels of progress that holds what is gained, and compels the revolutions to proceed ever in the same direction. With it there is no retrogression: all is advancement. Through its agency civilization has come and will remain.

But not only is the ability to interchange ideas the cause of civilization; it is the measure of its advancement. The faculty of expression is poorly developed in the savage, and this fact alone accounts for his condition. As, however, his ability to communicate his ideas to his fellows increases, barbarism gives way to civilization, and civilization develops into enlightenment, and at every stage in the movement, the intellectual condition of a people can be determined by their adroitness in expression.

It is for this reason that public speaking, which is the most accurate, if not the most efficient means of communicating thought, has ever played a prominent part in college and university life. To induce proficiency in this art the debating society was instituted, and as it existed a quarter of a century ago, that organization proved quite effective. In those days nearly every student at a university belonged to a debating society, and the joint membership of the societies was in all cases nearly identical with the attendance at the institution. As soon as a young man entered college he allied himself with one or the other of the two rival societies always to be found there. His next step after matriculation in the office was to enroll in the society, and the three most prominent men at an educational institution were its president and the chairmen of its two societies.

Moreover, the work done in the society of that time was in keeping with the enthusiasm for admission. Every member spoke as often as possible, and the preparation for appearance here was much more thorough than for ordi-

nary classwork. No one would hesitate to burn the midnight oil in preparing a speech for the society. One of the highest ambitions a student had was to "make a hit" there. And no wonder, for prominence in the society meant success at the university, as there was no quicker way of gaining the esteem of the members than by a brilliant speech, and no surer way of incurring their contempt, than by a failure.

Conducted as it was in this masterly way the debating society of a quarter of a century ago was very prolific of orators, and some of the most brilliant speakers of today owe their success to this early training. But like most other things the debating society has had its development and decline, its rise and its fall. With the introduction of new amusements around the University centre, interest in this more laborious form of pleasure waned, and for the past decade societies that formerly would be ashamed to mention so meagre a membership as one hundred now boast of an enrollment of thirty or forty, one half of whom may be honorary members.

The decline of the society soon attracted the attention of the universities, and to supply the training that was formerly secured there, many educational institutions have introduced into their curricula formal courses in debating. These courses are made to count for a degree; and many students that otherwise would not think of taking up the work are, in this way, induced to do so. An additional incentive furnished by the universities of the present day is the intercollegiate debate. Students will enter into the arena of debate in the hope of representing their university in a contest with some rival institution, when, without such incentive, the idea of debating would never enter their heads. In these ways the universities of today are striving to perform the work of the old debating society.

Their endeavors are not so successful, however, as could be desired. Few take advantage of the courses offered, and before a month is passed these few become so well acquainted with each other that a speech delivered by one of the group before the others takes on the appearance of a confidential chat and is entirely void of the spirit and fervor which a larger audience alone can inspire. The intercollegiate debate takes place but once a year. A few of the best speakers enter. The excitement is kept up for a month. Each candidate makes a speech or two, and peace and quiet again reign at the university.

The inadequacy of these methods is certain. It is strikingly shown in the graduating exercises of each year. No one now attends this culminating feature of the students' college life except relatives and special friends, as it is generally understood that there is neither pleasure nor information to be gained by attendance. Once in a while a good speech is made, but the number of university graduates that are incapable of expressing their ideas publicly is amazingly large, and everything up to this time has indicated the rapid decline of public speaking.

The action of the Faculty here in compelling all students to do work in public speaking is intended to check this decline. The great number of students present at these meetings and their mixed character prevent the "private-chat" feature which has usually signalized the speeches made in formal courses in debating, and the fact that it is to be a permanent thing distinguishes it from the spasmodic fervor and succeeding apathy connected with the intercollegiate debate. The striking advantages of the course are not only that it furnishes an opportunity for public speaking, but that it provides an audience that will resemble as nearly as may be a public assembly.

The meetings thus far have been characterized by singular success. The students have entered into the scheme with marked enthusiasm, and it is firmly believed by the Professor in charge that the scheme will present a perfect solution of the "public speaking" problem.

Military Training—Our Cadets.

One of the most noticeable results of military drill is the easy, graceful carriage acquired by constant practice in holding up the head and throwing back the shoulders, as required by the drill regulations. Many boys have a strong tendency to slouch along with stooping shoulders and uncertain steps. A short time spent in a military company drilling and going through the setting up exercises will straighten them up, increase their chest expansion and teach them to step off promptly with even steps straight to the point.

The strict discipline that must be enforced concentrates the attention and accustoms the cadet to obey promptly any command that may be given. It teaches him to be on time at the appointed place ready to "fall in" at the

first note of assembly. Careful weekly inspections teach the importance of caring for the uniform and equipment, and help in the acquisition of habits of neatness, regularity and order in all things.

The system of close supervision and the delegation of authority down the line from commandant to corporal, and the individual responsibility of the private to the corporal and of the corporal to the officers above him, back up to the commandant, give a proper respect for authority. When a private is promoted to be a cadet officer he must learn the proper use of authority over those below him in rank.

The college military department offers great advantages to those boys that expect to enter West Point or take up military work in any branch of the service. A large proportion of the number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the volunteer service in our recent war were men that received their military training in college.

Boys are sent to college that they may learn to become useful citizens on reaching their majority. One of the important duties of a citizen is to help defend his country when it is in danger. The principles of military tactics learned in college will be of great use to him if he should ever be required to take up arms at the call of the chief executive.

The large gymnasium and drill hall recently erected at Notre Dame will contain the armories and, at stated times, will be used exclusively by the military companies. The main hall free from supporting columns is large enough for all company drills and many battalion exercises.

The material equipment of the military department consists of one hundred Springfield rifles with accoutrements; fifty small light rifles to be used by small boys, and one field piece. Infantry drill, according to the latest government drill regulations, is given great attention. An excellent uniformed cadet band furnishes music for parades and all public occasions, and adds life and interest to military affairs. Cadets should provide themselves with a West Point fatigue uniform which would better be made here.

A suitable lithograph commission or warrant, signed by the officials of the University and of the military department, is given to cadet commissioned and non-commissioned officers when they are promoted. A gold medal is awarded to the best-drilled private of each company at the end of each year.

Exchanges.

The Wisconsin *Daily Cardinal*, in anticipation of the great game last Saturday at Chicago, published on the Thursday preceding, a very striking football number. It was printed on scarlet paper and was brim full of college enthusiasm. A recent number of the *De Pauw Palladium* remarks that a "pleasant feature of the Notre Dame game was the kind spirit shown by both players and rooters." *De Pauw* will always be shown the right spirit. Its athletes battle earnestly for victory, but they know how to bear defeat, and in either case they never forget that they are college athletes.

The Holy Cross *Purple* has put out several very good numbers this year. The leader in the October number is a very calm condemnation of too much novel reading. Of course, when a writer insists that he objects only to too much novel reading, he places himself beyond danger of controversy. Everyone agrees that too much of anything is bad for the digestion, whether it be novels, bicycles or Thanksgiving turkey. John E. McTigue, '00, answers very satisfactorily the question whether college athletics are good or bad. "Campaigning with the 12th U.S. Infantry" is completed in the November number. The article has been thoroughly interesting, and is written as a soldier should write,—modestly, simply and, withal, graphically. The various departments of the *Purple* are well arranged and prepared.

The Yale *Courant* is the most pleasing of the literary exchanges. It is tasteful and artistic, mechanically, and within its covers is to be found perhaps the best fiction done by college writers. "A Lesson in Modes," a clever sketch, and "Pedro of Estobanas," a well-told story, are the best bits of fiction in the number for October 15. "The Greater Loss" in the same number we do not fancy. The writer "wallows naked in the pathetic," and cheap pathos at that, and as a consequence his sketch is lacking in artistic taste and is unpleasant reading.

"Hartland, M. D., C. G.," is another clever sketch that has a delightfully sharp dénouement, and is one of the best things that has appeared in the *Courant* this year. The other matter in the two first numbers including the verse and the "Bachelor's Kingdom," is up to the *Courant's* usual high standard.

The Sorin-Brownson Game.

And *even then* Brownson didn't win. With a goodly amount of slugging, and several Varsity subs in their line, they had to fight to the last minute to score an even number of points, using a Varsity man to kick goal. During two twenty-five minute halves both teams rolled and scrambled in the mud, and finally withdrew from the gridiron, leaving the score six to six. It was the most exciting and interesting inter-hall game played this year. "Rooters" were there in abundance with megaphones to cheer on their favorite team. Let us have more of this "rooting," but do away with that abominable practice of hissing.

At 10:15 a. m. Brownson kicked twenty-five yards to Brown. Sorin brought the ball back twelve yards, then lost on downs. Brownson made her first five yards; but on the third trial for the second five, Geoghiegan's tackle brought the ball back to Sorin. Corcoran punted fifty yards to McCallen. Brownson made a few short gains, then punted to Fennessey, who regained fifteen yards. Rahe, Fox, Duane and Corcoran carried the ball steadily to a touchdown. Corcoran kicked goal. Sorin, 6; Brownson, 0. Winters kicked thirty-five to Corcoran. Fox made twenty-five yards, and on the next play Brownson got the ball for holding. The half ended with the ball in the centre of the field.

SECOND HALF.

Corcoran kicked forty-five to Dillon who ran back twenty. Brownson got ten for holding. Dillon made five. Sorin got the ball on a fumble. Two downs gave only three yards, and Corcoran tried for a place kick. Brownson had the ball on her fifteen-yard line. Dillon's hard line-bucking kept the ball moving slowly but steadily until Sorin's line was crossed in the last half-minute of play. Winters kicked goal. Score: Sorin, 6; Brownson, 6.

THE LINE-UP.

SORIN HALL		BROWNSON
Duane	Right End	Greisheimer
Brown	Right Tackle	Stephan
Diskin	Right Guard	Winters
Ragan	Centre	McCarthy
Meyers	Left Guard	Snyder
Stuhlfauth	Left Tackle	O'Brien
Davila		Glynn
Fennessey	Left End	Morrissey
Geoghiegan	Quarter-back	Becker
Rahe	Right Half	McNichols
Fox	Left Half	O'Neil
Corcoran	Full-back	Dillon
		McCallen
Monahan, Referee; Schillo, Umpire. 25 minute halves.		

Personal.

—Mr. Philips of Chicago visited his sons of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirwin spent a few days at Notre Dame visiting their son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. H. Holmes of Lincoln, Nebraska, has been the guest of her son, M. G. Holmes of Brownson Hall.

—Miss Nellie E. Newman, of Des Moines, was a recent guest of her brother, Mr. Newman of Brownson Hall.

—Mrs. H. L. Goodale and Miss Williams, of Chicago, were at Notre Dame during the past week visiting Mrs. Goodale's son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. P. Healy and daughter, of Utah, spent a day recently at the University, and called upon Mr. McCormack and Mr. Kinney of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Tony Farrell, who played James A. Horne's "Hearthstone" at South Bend on Monday night, spent a few hours of the afternoon at the University, and called upon the President.

—Mr. Edmund Dwyer of Indianapolis spent Wednesday afternoon at Notre Dame and visited the various departments of the University. He was delighted and surprised at the extent and beauty of the institution.

—Mr. August Thaler, student of '69-'72, is prospering in business with his brother at 907 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. August is a fine specimen of health and manly vigor and a credit to his *Alma Mater*, at which he declares he spent his happiest days.

—Mr. L. C. M. Reed, 1900, has been elected 1st Vice-President of the Indiana State League of College Republican Clubs. Mr. Reed is to be congratulated upon this no small honor, and the Indianapolis convention commended upon the wisdom of its choice.

—Mr. M. R. Powers, Litt. B. '98, our last year's catcher, has returned to the University to do special work in biology, preparatory to a course in Medicine. Mr. Powers was probably the most popular man in college, and his many friends are delighted to welcome him back and to congratulate him personally upon his brilliant initial season with the Louisville League team.

—A Mount Vernon, N. Y., paper announces that Mr. William A. Walsh has entered the office of the Corporation Counsel of that city, and it remarks that Mr. Walsh is a "studious and painstaking young man of pleasing address and is certain to meet with success in the law." Mr. Walsh was a student here in '95-'96. He was very popular in college, and was one of the best quarterbacks that ever played on our football team.

Local Items.

—Lost—A razor. Finder will please return it to Students' Office.

—Lost—A volume of Longfellow's poems. Please return to F. J. Petritz, Carroll Hall.

—The ex-Minims defeated the Minims on last Thursday, Nov. 17, by the score of 6-5.

—Maud Adams was visiting her brother (?) and other friends at the University this week.

—A Spanish grammar has been lost. Will the finder please return it to J. G. Johnson, Sorin Hall?

—If possible, let us have another Sorin-Brownson game. They are the best on the schedule.

—"Phelix" spends more time twisting that straw baby of his than the Prince of Wales does in saying his prayers.

—The names of Mr. V. Dwyer and Mr. Cornell were, by mistake, omitted from the List of Excellence in *Logic*.

—The hand-ball court in Sorin Hall has been greatly improved of late. The students appreciate this move very much.

—Where are the bowling allies in the new gymnasium? The old ones do not receive the general patronage of the students.

—Maloney, talking to Edith.—"Do you like black color, dear?"

Edith.—"No, not on your whiskers."

—Brucker, after a terrible struggle, managed to get away from himself for a few moments last Thursday and visit the rest of the boys.

—The new gymnasium will soon be finished. Get ready for practice, gentlemen of the track team, and we will win the state championship again.

—The Carroll Specials, under Coach Fortin, are practising very hard for the game on Thanksgiving day, with the Niles High School team.

—Captain Ellwanger and his men were defeated in a very exciting game on last Thursday by Captain Kelly's Team, the score being 11-0.

—The Carroll Specials defeated the Anti-Specials of that Hall in a well-contested game by the score of 11-0. Sheekey's interference was especially praiseworthy.

—1st Student.—"Did you hear about the fire?"

2d Student.—"No. Where was it?"

1st Student.—Van Hee was fired out of the reading-room."

—The first game of Regulation Basket-Ball in Carroll Hall for the season of '98 was played on Nov. 13, between two picked teams, one captained by Padden, the other by Moxley. Padden's team won by the score of 14 to 5.

—Mr. M——, the distinguished elocutionist from the East, could use his cauterizing fog-horn voice to better advantage than by yelling "Lay Brown out!" In last Thursday's game there was no call for such ejaculations.

—A reward of five dollars will be given to the man that finds O'Norcon at morning prayer. The money is in reliable hands, and "Nizzer" wishes by making this generous offer to stimulate all the Sorin Hall students to this worthy endeavor.

—Steiner: I have just received a letter from home saying that our neighbors named one of their twin girls Kate and the other Duplicate.

Kegler: That's nothing! At home there are three boys triplets. One is named Ax, another Climax and the third Battle-ax.

—Somebody wearing number eighteen rubbers dropped into Lilly's room the other day, and, while Tom was gleefully watching the snowflakes fall, shoved them under his desk and walked away with Tom's rubbers that were only number fourteen. Now when Lilly wishes to take a stroll he has to put a snowball in the toe of each rubber to hold it on.

—Dillon built a fort in Paradise Alley, called Ft. Magazine. This Fort was built to protect his magazines from the inroads of "Irish Turks." It was captured by the strategy of O'Shaughnessy the Bold. During the bombarding Dillon was struck on the literary bump of his cranium. It is hoped by the people of the alley that the aforesaid bump will recover from the shock.

—"Shammy," at last you have compelled us to mention you in these precious columns. Yes, we grant that you have a great horn, and, furthermore, that you know how to use it, but in the wrong place often. Simply because we are extremely talented in one line that is no reason why we should make other people wretchedly miserable by the excessive action of that one talent.

—"Dot leetle Errins boy what's down in No. 19," says "that dem sofa pillows vas zend to him by hes tender-harded, rozy-sheeked Christina." He also received a box in which were delicately packed one half dozen balls of dutch cheese. There was a card with them, which when translated reads as follows:

"Think of me, Fritz, when you're eating these,
And kindly give them a loving squeeze."

"Yours without a struggle,—CHRISTINA."

—Van Hee is thinking seriously of leaving the shores of America for his own dear Belgium. Now that Wilhelmina is looking for a suitor, Mr. Van Hee feels quite confident that, after his sojourn abroad and his superior American training, the young queen will woo him with all the fervor of her Dutch heart. He informs his friends in Brownson Hall that his honey-moon may bring him back to visit us a few days.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE LAW DEPARTMENT.—Last Saturday evening the initiative steps towards organizing the Law Debating Society were taken. The following officers were elected: Director, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C.; President, Col. Wm. Hoynes, Dean of the Law School; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Louis T. Weadock, '99; 2d Vice-President, Mr. Edward J. Walsh, '99; Recording Secretary, Mr. James F. Murphy, '99; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Wm. P. Monahan, 1900; Critic, Mr. Paul J. Ragan, '99; Reporter, Mr. Edward J. Yockey, '99; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Peter J. Wynne, 1900. Much enthusiasm was manifested. The debate: "Resolved, That Territorial Expansion is to the interest of the United States, and should be adopted," was fixed upon for the next meeting. Mr. Rahe and Mr. Yockey will try to show that territorial expansion is to our interest, while Mr. Duperier and Mr. Smith will try to defeat their arguments.

A meeting of the Law class of '99 was held Tuesday evening to decide upon the purchase of caps and gowns and class pins. Following the custom inaugurated last year, royal purple was selected as the class color. President Weadock appointed the following committee on caps and gowns—Messrs. McCormack, Meyers and Haley.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY held a regular meeting last Sunday evening. The attendance was exceedingly gratifying to the promoters, and many new advocates of the great cause were enrolled. The program was as follows: Declamation by H. V. Crumley, address by President J. H. McGinnis, and a reading by F. X. McCollum. Then Father Cooney, that grand champion of the cause of temperance, made the closing remarks. His discourse abounded in worthy example and instruction which his favored hearers will not soon forget.

THE COLUMBIANS held a meeting last week that seemed entirely too short for them. Unfortunately the time did not permit the members to give full utterance to all their ideas. It was only when the meeting granted its consent that Mr. Collins was allowed to make a few closing remarks. A short reading by Mr. Kasper opened the program. Mr. J. Svensden, who is well known by all the students, followed with a declamation, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and pleased us by his elocutional ability. The long-continued applause of the members showed their thorough appreciation of this number. Mr. Baldwin then made an impromptu address on the meaning and importance of the last election. We then passed to a most interesting and heated debate: "Resolved, That the United States should form an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain." Messrs. Kaftan, Smith and Ahern supported the negative successfully against Messrs. Tou, Boyle and Monahan on the affir-

mative. The question was then thrown open to the house, and the arguments were by no means exhausted when the meeting adjourned.

THE SAINT CECILIANS held their seventh regular meeting on Wednesday, the 9th. It was hurried through in order to give the members more time to study their play; but despite the short time, the meeting was enjoyable. The chairman showed us the usefulness of knowing how to read and understand poetry, taking "Hiawatha" for illustration. This is something new in the Carroll Hall societies, and something which a young society might not be able to enjoy, but the St. Cecilians found it very instructive. The program was well rendered throughout. The musical selections were especially entertaining. Mr. Mulcare's reading was comical and well read. Mr. Land's declamation was applauded vigorously. Mr. Noonan's impromptu speech was interesting.

The program for next meeting is as follows: Mandolin selection, Mr. Carney; a reading, Mr. Coquillard; impromptu speech, Mr. Krug; a debate, "Resolved, That physical exercise should be compulsory in this University." The affirmative will be upheld by Messrs. Hickey and Murray, the negative by Messrs. Land and Sherlock.

List of Excellence.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Arithmetic—Masters I. Weis, J. Fogarty, J. Lawton, P. McBride, W. McNamee, G. McCarthy, L. Hart, J. Abercrombie, W. Dessauer, A. McFarland, O. Fleischer, W. Butler, G. Phillip, F. Shipley, E. Manion, F. Fogarty, P. Bortell, D. Topper, J. Hart, H. Schaus, C. McFarland, G. Seymour, H. St. Clair, C. Fuchs, J. Kirwan, C. Schonlau, F. McIver. *Grammar*—Masters L. Hart, K. Kasparis, L. Van Sant, L. Abrahams, W. Hall, H. Huleatt, E. Sinnott, C. Paul, W. Dessauer, W. Butler, G. Phillip, A. Bosworth, J. Hart, E. Manion, H. Carey, C. Carey, R. McMaster, B. Taylor, F. Fogarty, L. McBride, P. Bortell, J. McBride, B. Houser, J. McGeeney, V. Bemis, A. Fuchs, W. Arnold. *Orthography*—Masters W. Dessauer, B. Taylor, W. Blanchfield, W. Hall, H. Huleatt, S. Fleming, C. Paul, T. Butler, P. McBride, W. Butler, C. Bortell, J. Hart, L. McBride, R. McMaster, J. Abercrombie, E. McGeeney, J. McGeeney, L. Deur, J. McBride, A. Shields, H. Donahoe. *Geography*—Masters A. McFarland, K. Kasparis, L. Van Sant, W. Hall, W. Blanchfield, J. Fogarty, F. Fogarty, A. Bosworth, G. Strong, E. Manion, H. Rotchford, C. Ninnemann, B. McMaster, L. Deur, James McGeeney, Henry Donahoe. *Catechism*—Masters G. McCarthy, S. Fleming, L. Hart, W. Blanchfield, W. Butler, L. McBride, J. McGeeney, R. McMaster, C. McNamee, K. Ninneman. *Reading*—Masters S. Fleming, W. Hall, A. McFarland, J. Abercrombie, I. Weis, L. Hart, G. McCarthy, J. Hart, J. Griffith, H. Van Dyke, W. McBride, H. St. Clair, W. Manion, C. Fuchs, H. Boyle. *German*—Masters W. Dessauer, L. Van Sant, O. Fleischer, H. Huleatt. *Pennmanship*—Masters W. Hall, K. Kasparis, C. Cary, G. Strong, H. Garey, W. Comerford, K. Ninneman, C. Schonlau. *Music*—Masters P. Bortell, T. Butler, C. Case, W. McNamee, W. Dessauer, J. Abercrombie, R. McMaster, O. Fleischer, C. Fuchs, A. Fuchs. *Vocal Music*—Masters J. Hart, P. Bortell, J. McBride, G. McNamee, W. Hall, J. Lawton, L. McBride, A. McFarland, C. Case, K. Kasparis, J. Ervin, I. Weis.